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FROM THE NEW YORKER.

## THE SPIRIT OF DEATH.

Oh! there's a deep and chilling tone,  
That comes the heart to freeze;  
As cold as winter, winds that moan  
Low through the leafless trees!

And black as midnight's awful gloom  
It shrouds the joyous hearth;  
And treads with giant strides along  
The hall of reckless mirth.

It comes—the Simoom's desert blast—  
And breathes its curse around;  
And brightest flowers of life and hope  
Lie withered on the ground.

It smiles to see before it fall  
To earth the proud and strong;  
Throwing a blight o'er all our joys,  
As dark, it sweeps along!

Oh death! thy terrors fearful are  
To the benighted soul;  
Who standing on the verge of life  
Doth yield to thy control!

But thou thyself in time shalt feel  
Destruction's gripe at last,  
And from thy throne of centuries  
Be to thy caverns cast!

Aye, proudly though thou bear'st thyself,  
Old Time shall lay thee low;  
And o'er thy dark and turbid form  
The light of Heaven shall glow.

EDWARD BRACKETT.

## LEGEND OF NEW YORK.

Some twenty years since, when New York was somewhat of a different city to what it now is, and steamers laden with cargoes of actresses, dancers and monks, were not even thought of, and when a goodly vessel laden with merchandise was considered a more important affair than the arrival of a tragedian, or a troop of goats and monkeys; we say, some seventy years since, towards the close of a beautiful autumnal evening, a vessel was observed standing in toward New York; her hull was long and low; she was taut-rigged, with raking masts; her jib, flying jib, mainmast, and fore-topmast set, and had every appearance of making the harbor. Suddenly, however, she tacked; and a boat was lowered and pulled toward the shore; by the time, however, she had pulled in, it had become quite dark, and the idlers had one by one, passed away, so that the landing place was literally clear; a gentleman landed from the boat, whose dress partly bespoke him as a naval man, though the richness of the various articles he wore indicated him to be one of no ordinary rank; for although it was not the dress of a British naval officer, yet there was something that plainly showed he was one used to command; in person, he might be above five and thirty, but with a complexion so swarthy and sunburnt, that it would be difficult to say whether he was over or under that age; a woman (and they are keen judges of looks) would have gazed after him, and thought, perhaps, just such a one would she have chosen as a model for admiration for woman will form models in their imaginations to love, though it is but rarely such an object ever becomes their partner through life; the stranger, however, pushed on through the narrow streets, merely asking for the residence of one Ephraim Dodds, a worthy, painstaking man, but poor wretch, and one whose speculations had rarely turned out well.

He was busied in the evening, on which our story opens, looking over his ledger, when the door of his counting house opened, and a stranger presented himself.

"Your name is Ephraim Dodds."

"It is, Sir, and yours?"

"No matter; I know you, Sir, by report, for an honest worthy man, but a very poor one! Look from your window, and if the darkness will allow you, can you decipher aught of a goodly vessel, standing off in the distance? That vessel is laden with goods so rare and rich that its cargo would make the fortune of the richest merchant of New York; I would confide that cargo to you, not making you the mere agent, but as a partner."

Ephraim stared hard at the stranger, and he thought him of all the legends he had heard of the devil tempting men in their hour of need, but still he listened.

"It matters little, Master Dodds, who and what I am, since 'tis little to the purpose, but suffering has laid its heavy hand upon me; my poor, poor Paquita, sleeps in peace; for my sake she endured all—much that woman could. Ah, Sir, you know not what it is returning to you; you had for months been yearning to see, to find her gone from you forever, broken hearted from the gibes and taunts of those who should have protected her; but she did not dare avow her marriage, and—no more: she left me, Sir, a child, a girl, whose features are as like her mother's as a nature could have formed them. I would not she should be with her mother's friends, to have the same measures of unkindness meted out to her as was her poor mother's fate. No, Sir, I would not it should be so: and this rings me to the purpose of my interview. If you will take charge of the cargo, one half is yours, the other is to be my daughter's, and you must use them both in such way as seems best suited to your judgment."

"And the girl," exclaimed Dodds, not seeing the thing exactly in all its bearings.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT"—JERFISON.

Vol. I.

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No. 34.

## MISS SEDGWICK ON HEALTH.

"She will be placed with one upon whom I can rely; that charge is not with you; and when you are called upon to account for her fortune, you will, I know, be ready. What say you, Master Dodds?"

Ephraim paused a moment to consider, but the reflection was apparently a satisfactory one, for turning to the stranger, he said, "I am content; it is my hand upon the bargain."

The following morning found Master Ephraim Dodds one of the richest merchants in New York.

Pass over now a space of some seventeen years, and still lingering in the neighborhood of New York, cast our eyes upon one of the neatest cottages the thriftest housewife could desire; both before and behind was a garden, tastefully arranged with such trees and plants as the sea breezes would permit to grow, and within the lattices, flowers, whose delicate nature required more protection; along side on the beach was drawn up a large boat, and toward the sea was a rudely contrived arbor, with a most primitive looking seat and table. The owner of the cottage was an Englishman, from the neighborhood of Newcastle, who had passed nearly all his life at sea. Owen Block was a true specimen of the English sailor, his wife was a quiet, sedate woman, who seemed rather superior to her husband. The greatest attraction, however, was their daughter, the pretty Marian. Great pains had been bestowed by Block upon her education, and her room, which was tastefully adorned with drawings by herself, showed that she had attained no mean proficiency as an artist.

There was a circumstance, however, which caused much excitement in the neighborhood, namely, the frequent visits of Walter Dodds, the only son of the principal magistrate of New York, and the wonder was the little anxiety that Master Block gave himself about the circumstance, though quick and quarrelsome enough on other occasions; some turned up their noses, and said, "Does he think Walter Dodds will marry her? but not he, indeed; Master Block will soon repent his vain ambition, and wish that he had more moderate views for his daughter."

But the visits of his son became known at last to the old magistrate; and full of ministerial ire, he determined to investigate the matter in person, and accordingly betook himself to the cottage.

Owen Block was somewhat surprised one morning, by a visit from the magistrate, and quickly stowing away a suspicious looking tankard of spirits, seemed prepared for what might follow.

"Your name is Owen Block, I believe."

"The same, at your service!"

"You have a daughter, I believe."

"I have."

"And you are trying to draw my son into a marriage with her?"

"Softly then, Master Dodds, if you please: your son is doing as he pleases; if he chooses to come here, well and good; I have enough to do looking after my daughter, without caring for other people's sons."

"You are a scoundrel, Sir," replied the magistrate, "and fear me not, we shall soon have you safe by the heels!" saying which he left the room, slamming the door hastily behind him, the hearty laugh of Owen Block ringing in his ears as he retraced his steps from the cottage homeward.

Walter and Marian, were, however, still as much as ever together, and Block, despite the burghomaster's threats, encouraged the young man, in affording him every opportunity of being in Marian's way, and the magistrate determined, in order to prevent matters going too far, that his son should be sent on a voyage to the Indies, whether the merchant had a valuable cargo proceeding.

Ephraim Dodds was one day busied in his study, making every preparation for the vessel sailing on the morrow, and writing out a set of instructions for the captain, and mixing up with them most particular directions for his son's being carefully attended, never being allowed to go on deck when it rained, or suffered on any account to ascend the rigging and a variety of other minutiae, when a stranger was announced as wishing to see him on private business. He motioned to a chair, continuing busy in his instructions. On raising his head to demand the nature of his business, his eyes met those of the stranger's; they were features once seen, never to be forgotten.

"You see," said the stranger, "I am come as I promised, to claim the fulfillment of my agreement."

Dodds pointed to a box on one of the shelves. "There," said he, "are the accounts of stewardship up to the close of last month; you will find them, I am sure, correct to a fraction, nor do I think you will find I have speculated amiss with our daughter's dowry, since she is now the richest woman in New York."

"Your accounts I do not wish to see; you need render none to me nor to any one; my only object is to propose a marriage for your son."

The magistrate shook his head. "Alas, Sir, I fear very much my son's affections are unworthily bestowed upon one from whom I have found it impossible to alienate them."

"Upon Marian Block?"

"You know it, I see too well."

"I do; and Marian Block is—my daughter. I confided her when an infant to Owen Block, in whom I knew I could place every confidence; it was by my orders he took every means of throwing himself into your son's way, and bringing him in contact with Marian; what I so ardently wished has taken place. He has seen and loved her for herself, and not as the richest maiden in New York, what more need I say; my plans have succeeded, and you I am sure have no objection to this."

"Not I," replied the magistrate. "I did not half like his going to sea; let them be married by all means—it is a long voyage to India—a very long one, but matrimony is much longer; however, it is much safer."

The stranger smiled and said, "They have both their dangers, but the present will doubtless be a smooth voyage, since there are few hidden rocks, and every thing promises well."

A WITTY AUCTIONEER.—An auctioneer said of a gentleman who had bought a table, but never came to take it away, that he was one of the most *no come for table* persons he ever knew in the whole course of his life!

## MISS SEDGWICK ON HEALTH.

Take, for example, a young girl bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery in her childhood—in a boarding school through her youth—never accustomed either to air or exercise, two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades early. She languishes through the hard offices of giving birth to children, sucking and watching over them, and dies early; and her acquaintances lamentingly exclaim, "What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken, in the midst of life, from her children!" Was it Providence! No! Providence has assigned her three score years and ten; and a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children—but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course she lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and prominent in his professions. A general huzzing on every side, of "What a striking Providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and in the courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The disease of the father is often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children. It has been customary, in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid winter. A healthy young girl, thus dressed, in violation of heaven's laws, pays the penalty; a checked circulation, cold, fever and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaims her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly? A beautiful young bride goes night after night, to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slight sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for whoever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is consequently seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before her bridal days are over.

"What a Providence!" exclaims the world, cut off in the midst of happiness and hope! Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself? A girl from the country exposed to our changing climate, gets a new bonnet, instead of getting a flannel garment.

A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it to her vanity, and avoid the folly in future?

Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating, or in drinking, or in study, or in business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness and pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, &c., and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this! Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut short life, and of the long maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "godly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die, as if falling asleep.

## PRESERVING WINTER APPLES.

Messrs. GAYLORD AND TUCKER.—Last April a year, I visited a friend, when he made me a present of a large dish of fine flavored apples, and it being out of season to have apples in such a good state of preservation, I inquired his mode of keeping them. He informed me that in the fall he made a box six feet long and two feet deep, which he sunk into the ground to a level with the surface, then he filled the box with sand apples, and covered it with boards in the form of a roof, but leaving an opening at both ends. The roof he also covered with straw and earth, to the usual thickness of an apple or potatoe hole. In this condition he leaves it till the apples are frozen, but as soon as a thaw comes, he makes it perfectly tight, and in a day the frost is altogether removed, and the apples are as fresh and perfect as when they were taken from the trees.

I am aware that this is an excellent plan, because I know that most of the apples and potatoes in holes rot and decay in consequence of the warm and foul air accumulating, having no opportunity to escape. I thought, however, to improve it. I consequently last fall buried my apples in the usual way; then I took four strips of one inch boards and nailed them together in the form of a chimney, leaving a vacancy in the middle, of one inch square; this I placed in the centre of the apple hole, the end resting on the apples inside, and the other end projecting two feet above the ground.

This succeeded far beyond my expectations. The vacancy in the chimney was barely sufficient to permit the warm and foul air to escape. My family during the winter, whenever they wished to have apples for consumption only removed the chimney and reached in with the hand to get supplied and replaced it again—and I can assure you that, of eight bushels that were buried, only three rotten and five or six slightly affected apples were discovered, whereas my neighbors, who buried their apples in the old fashioned way, lost a large quantity.

Can you inform me whether asparagus roots can be set out in the fall? [They may be transplanted in autumn as well as in the spring.—Eds.]

WILLIAM J. EVER.

## THE MORTGAGE AND SUBTREASURY.

Let us suppose a case. Of a Saturday evening a mechanic of one of our Norfolk towns sits down with his wife for a comfortable chat. The children are all in bed—the week's work is done—their cares are laid aside. The husband has just returned from the Springfield Convention; his heart is full of Democracy. He can think of nothing else—he can speak of nothing else; in the fulness of his heart he calls his youngest child Democracy, and as he kisses his wife on his return, he calls her Democracy—every thing he hates is Hartford Convention—Blue-Light Federalism.

The conversation of the mechanic and his wife, on the occasion supposed, naturally turns upon politics, and the following conversation ensues:

WIFE.—Well, husband—you talk a great deal about Democracy—now I am a woman, and know nothing about politics; but pray tell me what Democracy is!

MCHANIC.—Why, Democracy is—Democracy!

W. Indeed! who told you so?

M. Benerot told me so. I have heard him say so more than fifty times—and Hallett says so, and Rantall and Everett, they all say so.

W. Well—if they all say so, it must be true. But what does Democracy mean?

M. Pahaw! I women can never understand politics; you have no head for it. Now I'll read to you out of the Boston Post what it means. Here are the Resolutions of the Democratic Convention, prepared at Boston last fall. They were written by Brownson, or some of the great ones. Here it is. "Democracy is the supremacy of man over his accidents!"

W. What's Democracy? Is the supremacy of man over his accidents? What a criterion it must be. But to tell the truth, I don't understand any more

about Democracy than I did before; I suppose it's because I'm a woman. But look here, husband—want to talk to you about that Mortgage of Squire Grabbal's upon the house and land. He called her while you was gone, and he said a part of it must be paid or he'd sue for it, and then the house and land would all go.

M. Why did you tell me of this before?

W. Because your head was so full of Democracy and the Springfield Convention, that you wouldn't listen to me. I've mentioned it three times, and it went in at one ear and out of the other. Now husband, I've been thinking about the mortgage, and it worries me: your wages have fallen off a late, and some of the time you have no employment. When your wages were a dollar and a half a day, and you had full work, you could support the family well, and pay a hundred dollars a year towards clearing the mortgage. It was a pleasant thing to work, and be economical and saving when we had the prospect of having a house of our own, without Squire Grabbal's clutches upon it. Now, you can hardly support the family, and when I ask for money you say you are running in debt. This is a sad prospect, if we are to lose the house and land after all.

M. Oh! never fear, wife—times will be better soon.—They've got a Sub-Treasury now; which I make up all right, except the Aristocrats.

W. I don't know about that. The times have been getting worse and worse. It's four or five years since you talked of having better times, and now that they have really got a "Sub-Treasury," they say it is going to reduce wages to fifty cents a day.

M. Well, that's true, but every thing we buy is to come down at the same rate.

W. And what advantage is that? Beside, some people say that sugar, and tea, and coffee, and spices, and all foreign things, will be as high as ever, because the Sub-Treasury don't work in those countries where these things come from. But if wages are to come down, how are you to pay the mortgage of \$500 in Squire Grabbal's?

M. How will I give to pay the mortgage?

W. Yes; if your wages go down to 50 cents a day, how can you ever pay it? It will cost all that you can earn to support the family.

M. Well, I must sell the cow, and the garden lot.

W. Yes, but these have gone down half price, and they won't go far towards reducing the mortgage.

M. Well, I must sell the house.

W. But that has gone down half price too, so that all the price you've got, have got won't pay Squire Grabbal's mortgage. We must be turned out of house and home, and still you are in debt. You are a ruined man if the Sub-Treasury goes into full operation.

M. I never thought of all this before. There's something wrong somewhere.

W. There is, indeed, husband. When they made the Sub-Treasury to reduce the poor man's wages, and the poor man's property, why didn't they make it reduce the poor man's debt! Answer me that. When they reduce a man's means of paying his debt, why didn't they reduce the debt too?

M. I can't say, upon my word.

W. Well, these men who made the Sub-Treasury, pretend to be the poor man's friend; but it seems to me they are the rich man's friend, and the poor man's enemy. You agreed to give Grabbal \$500 for the house and land. Now you have paid \$200, and after you have paid \$200 more he will not let it back for \$100. So Squire Grabbal gets \$400 out of you for nothing; just because we must have a Sub-Treasury—and you must be ruined to make him rich. It is making the poor man poorer, and the rich man richer.

M. Well, really, wife, all that sounds true, but Benerot and Brownson did not tell us that.

W. No, no, they didn't tell us that.

M. Well, they did tell you, though they knew it well. They filed your heart with fantastic ideas of Democracy and liberty. They blundered with names and words, and led you with prejudices and passions.

M. But why should they deceive us?

W. Why! Doesn't Benerot get \$3000 a year as long as his master, Van Buren, reigns? Now, you have a vote, and the voters can say who shall be President. The way for Benerot to keep his place, therefore, is to throw dust in your eyes; and then he'll lead you up to the ballot-box to vote for Van Buren, who supports him, though he ruins you and your family.

M. Really, wife you seem to be a politician.

W. No, husband, I am no politician; but sometimes a looker on sees more of the game than those who play—I judge of Government by its effects on our homes. Formerly, before the era of Democracy—before those Halletts and Rantalls, and Benerots filed your head with their humbug—every thing went well with us. You were then a happy man, and I a happy wife. Our children were then well fed and well clothed. Every year we added a little to our furniture; if I wanted a new gown you always gave it to me, and you had \$100 a year to reduce the mortgage. I was industrious and cheerful—you were always pleasant to me—your voice was always kind to the children. Those days are gone. I mourn, husband, but I do not regret you. You have your cares, and I know your heart is right. But how has this change come about?

M. I think I must ask you.

W. Well, then, I will give you my opinion. I think you, with too many others in the country, have been grossly cheated and deceived. A set of men, who only wished to enjoy power, and office, and spoils, have been entrusted with the rule of Government, and they have driven us over a precipice. We only suffer with the rest of the country—thousands and tens of thousands are as bad off as we.

M. Well, wife, I am afraid you are right, but what can I do?

W. You can do two things. The first is, to forsake those who have cheated you—to withdraw your confidence from a set of false prophets and false guides—men who use you only to abuse you.

M. And what next shall I do?

W. First tell me whether you will do as I request!

M. I never buy a pig in poke. Tell me what it is you propose, and if its reasonable I'll do it.

W. Vote for Old Tip!

M. I thought it was coming to that! Well, there's no danger in trying a change. Here it goes! Hurrah for Harrison and better times!—(Extract from a speech recently delivered in the Bennett Street School House, by S. G. Goodwin, Esq. of Roxbury)

POPULATION OF PITTSBURGH.—The population of Pittsburgh, including independent villages in the vicinity, is computed at 60,000; places of religious worship 60; schools 100; papers 20; banks and insurance companies 9, employing a capital of \$5,000,000; daily line of stage coaches and canal boats, 20; single and double lines of canal freight boats, 11; annual arrivals and departures of steam vessels engaged in the river trade, 2,500; annual amount of manufactures, and mechanical productions, \$12,000; annual sales in the various departments of merchandise, \$13,000,000; annual amount of freight on merchandise and produce passing through the account of non-resident owners, \$3,000,000.

"I hint goin' tew live long, mammy." "Why not, you aspinal?" "Core my troways are all tored out behind."

## A LETTER TO

## Mechanics and Working Men, ON THE WAGES OF LABOR.

BY PAUL INGLIS, Carpenter.

At this important period, when principles of the most vital interest to mechanics and working men, are undergoing the severest discussions, not only in the newspapers, but in societies, clubs and associations, throughout the country, the possession of information necessary to the formation of correct conclusions concerning them is so essential, that I have deemed it of sufficient importance to devote a portion of my time to obtaining it.

I shall confine myself to what exclusively interests the laboring classes, in reference to the measures and doctrines of the Administration. A mechanic myself, suffering deeply from the effects of the measures of Government upon the Currency, and not an inattentive observer of the progress of financial events of the day, I claim the attention of my fellow laborers, with whom I sympathize, and with whose interests I am most deeply and personally concerned. Whatever causes operate on them, operate likewise on me, and whatever in prosperous or adverse times may be their fortune and circumstances, mine are the same.

In examining doctrines, therefore, in which I, as a mechanic, and personally interested, feel that I am advocating the cause of the laboring man throughout the country, whatever his profession or condition may be; and I claim his attention to the remarks I may make, without any reference to my attachment or opposition to either of the political parties which are now before our country.

If I do not succeed in presenting what I have to say according to the established forms of critical and logical arrangement, I ask that indulgence which may justly be claimed by one whose education and condition in life have been such as to disqualify him for that kind of writing, which will adapt itself to the taste of refined and cultivated minds. I address myself to those whom elegance of composition is an immaterial point, but whose sagacity and intelligence will enable them to grasp the strong points of a question, and particularly one upon which, in their workshops and their moments of leisure, they have often deeply and seriously reflected.

The discussions which now agitate the minds of the great mass of the people, and which are now moving them to and fro, like the waves of the sea, when shaken by a mighty tempest, have awakened the attention and aroused the reflection of the working man as much, if not more, than any other class of our citizens.

The questions in agitation in reference to the Currency, and its operation upon their interests, are oftentimes discussed by them with an intelligence and force which prove them capable of comprehending the most difficult subjects. Whoever, therefore, regards them as deficient in intellectual power to arrive at sound conclusions on all subjects connected, directly or remotely, with their interests and happiness, knows little of their sagacity, judgment, or intelligence.

To such men I present the facts I have collected, not to inflame their party zeal, but that they may be fortified with reasons for the fact that is in them, and that they may the more confidently sustain themselves in this warfare of Truth against Error.

I appeal to the mechanic and laboring man, if his situation has been improved by the measures of Government! It has not for the very substantial reason, that those measures have been directed toward the production of an entirely different result than the improvement of his circumstances. The want of employment, and the necessary contraction of his comforts to which he has been obliged to submit, are consequences which naturally spring from the derangement of the money affairs of the country.

The experiments upon the Currency by the Administration, instead of producing benefits to the laboring portion of our population, as it was pretended they would do have had a contrary effect.

The loss of public confidence, and the derangement of our finances have had, ultimately, the same effect upon the interests of the mechanic as upon those of the merchant, proving thereby, inconceivably, that the interests of all classes are closely and intimately connected.

It was not until the proposal of the Sub-Treasury scheme, that the great object of the Administration, to reduce the price of labor, became known. This, notwithstanding their pretended sympathy for the laboring man, is now admitted to be one of the principal motives of the Administration in the establishment of that system, and as they do not conceal, but on the contrary boldly promulgate it as the doctrine of the party, it is left to the working man to decide whether or not it is acceptable to him.

Is it not a matter of astonishment, that an Administration whose professions of sympathy for the laboring man have been so notorious, and whose financial measures have been boasted of by its party presses throughout the country, as directed exclusively to the improvement of his condition, should now boldly avow a doctrine which strikes at the very root of his prosperity?

The inevitable consequence of the measures of our Government was to reduce the price of labor; and because they now see that such has been the result, they boldly avow it to have been their purpose from the beginning. Like quacks who having administered a medicine, of the effects of which they were entirely ignorant, when instead of restoring the patient, it has thrown him into convulsions, with admirable coolness and impudence turn round and say, it was the very end they were desirous of accomplishing, as a necessary result in the progress to health.

To avoid acknowledging their ignorance, and seeing the effect upon the interests of the working man, they adopt the result as their doctrine, but console us by saying that we are no worse off, because the prices of every thing else will fall in proportion.

I propose to examine this monstrous and absurd error before I have concluded my remarks.

Senator Buchanan, of Pennsylvania—a talented and influential member of the Administration party—declares himself in favor of a gold and silver currency, for the reason that, under such a currency, we would be enabled to manufacture goods cheaper, and thereby compete with Europeans in all the markets of the world. "In Germany," he says, "where the currency is purely metallic, and the cost of every thing is reduced

to the hard money standard, a piece, of broad-cloth can be manufactured for fifty dollars—the manufacture of which, in our country, from the expansion of paper currency, would cost one hundred dollars." This difference growing out of the price of labor, is an advantage to the American mechanic, for, according to his own admission, it arises from the higher wages which he receives for that labor, and not, certainly, in consequence of the cheapness of land in Germany, or greater facilities for manufacturing which it possesses. If he would look at the condition of the German laborer, and allow that to influence his view of the subject, I apprehend that he would not be so earnest an advocate of the German system. Disregarding, however, the condition of the German mechanic—a very material point indeed in this controversy, and one in every way worthy of the notice of a statesman—he goes on to inquire, "What is the reason that, with all the advantages our laws afford to the domestic manufacturer, we cannot obtain exclusive possession of the home markets and successfully contend for the markets of the world? It is simply because we manufacture at the nominal prices of our inflated currency, and are compelled to sell at the real prices of other nations. Reduce our nominal to the real standard of